

# THE MISSILE



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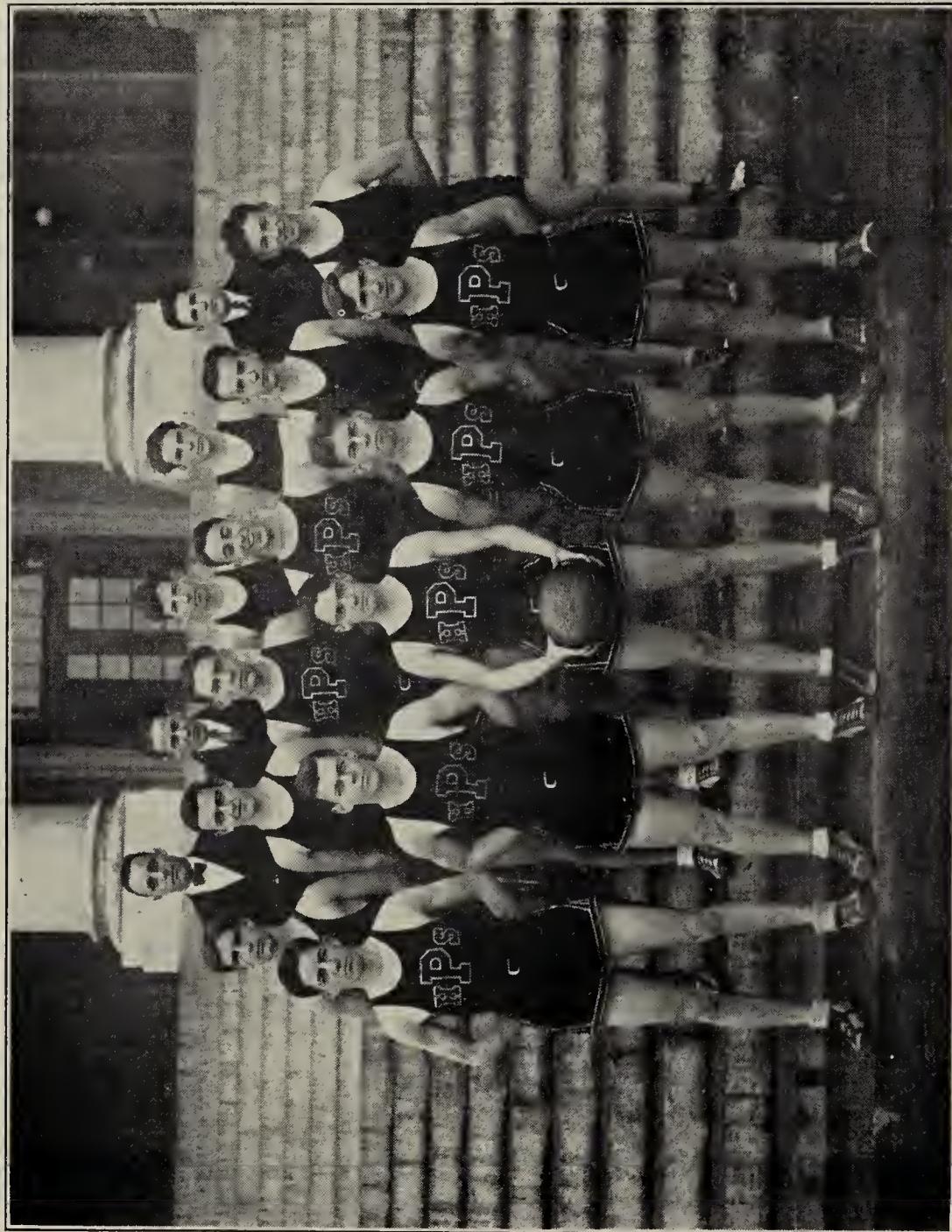
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FOOTBALL TEAM

# The Missile



## FIVE SONNETS

### Spring Sadness

*By Phoebe Dreyry*

Today I heard them say that spring was near.  
And who or what can stop its awful tread  
That brings closer each day the time I dread,  
The time when birds and flowers once more appear,  
Those lovely things that I alone must fear,  
Unless my hurt is healed in years ahead?  
Today my heart is heavier than lead,  
And secretly I wipe away a tear.  
But God made spring for happiness and play,  
And sometime I shall be no longer sad;  
If I believe and each day firmly pray  
He will console and even make me glad.  
Dear Lord, some future spring help me to see  
That she is happier up there with Thee!

—o—

### A Night of Peace

*By Aileen Small*

A peaceful night! A calm and flashing sea!  
In solitude—the time to meditate.  
Alone with God I find I cannot hate  
But love. In precious thoughts He speaks to me;  
I open my heart, the words come full and free;  
I like to talk with Him who knows my fate.  
He's ever near, I never have to wait;  
I'm not afraid, I never want to flee.  
Why is it that the night must hie away?  
But there are other nights to come and go;  
I hurry through a noisy, bustling day,  
And then, at night, I cast away my woe.  
I'm thankful for the peaceful nights God made,  
And when they go, I'm thankful He has stayed.

—o—

### Death

*By Norman McCaleb*

With long creeping fingers cold and thin,  
And monk-like, with a hood upon a head

Where cheerful thoughts have long been cold and dead,  
 With tread that fears not solitude nor din  
 Of cities, torn with strife against all sin;  
 In places where all dirt and filth are bred,  
 With sweeping scythe whose blade is dripping red:  
 'Tis thus comes death who has not kith or kin.  
 From earthly strife he takes the struggling hand,  
 And, merciful, He takes the starving wife;  
 He travels both on water and on land,  
 And does not come with sound of drum or fife;  
 But turns our sorrows with a silent wand  
 From earthly aims to the Eternal Life.

—o—

### The Idol

*By Bessie Meade Friend*

O ye who worship riches, glory, fame,  
 Who look no farther for your soul's repose,  
 But make of all your blessings secret foes;  
 O ye in life who make a worthless name,  
 Who live a piteous life engrossed in shame,  
 Because you made your life an endless pose  
 With only ruffles, ribbons, laces, bows,  
 And never stopped to find your life's great aim:  
 How sad! You sought and found this truth too late.  
 You're old and worn with not a joy in life;  
 Your idol, riches, vanished; ah, what fate!  
 And now the sorrows in your soul are rife;  
 Your days would not have seemed so strangely odd  
 If you had only learned to worship God.

—o—

### Looking Upward

*By Ella Walton*

We all should try so hard not to be sad,  
 But strive instead to brighten up life's way,  
 Good deeds to do and all kind words to say,  
 And doing this helps to make others glad.  
 But oftentimes a golden chance we've had,  
 To scatter sunshine on a cloudy day,  
 To ease a hurt wherein some burden lay,  
 Or give some word of courage to a lad.  
 But thoughtless have we let this chance go by,  
 This chance to forget one's self and try to be  
 A blessing, not a hindrance to mankind:  
 A character on which the weak rely,  
 That they may in our life some true worth see,  
 And faith and hope and love, these three to find.

## LIFE IN PANAMA

*By Phyllis Hersh*

Panama's people are strictly modern except for a few instances. Of all the quaint pictures I have seen, I shall always remember one. It was an old Latin-American grandmother. She was sitting in the doorway of her one-roomed dwelling. Her hair, grayed with age, was combed straight back off her forehead and twisted in a soft knot at the nape of her brown neck. Her wrinkled, kindly, old face was wreathed in smiles as she begged me to buy a lottery ticket from her. Her dress was of the simplest kind. The skirt was long, reaching to her ankles. It was of white material with a deep ruffle setting off the hem. She wore a coarse black shawl over the tight-fitting waist. On her feet were black zapatos. To make her more conspicuous was the pipe that reeked of strong tobacco.

Lottery is a game of chance, and it is played quite frequently in Latin-America. I have known people to win five thousand dollars, which is the grand prize, by paying ten pesetas for a full ticket. Ten pesetas is equal to five dollars in American money. Each ticket has a number on it. In this way the winner is determined.

Carnival is always hailed with joy. Many of the natives possess gorgeous costumes of old Spain, which they wear at this time. I remember one, in particular. The dress was a pale pink. The waist was tight, the skirt full, coming only to the knees. What attracted me most, however, was the rich lacy mantella, draped over the large, beautifully carved, tortoise shell comb that was in her dark hair. These had probably been handed down to her from her great-grandmother.

Another beautiful costume that

one sees at the Carnival is the native dress. It consists of a richly embroidered white dress. A deep lace ruffle is found at the hem and on the collar, which comes to the elbows. A sash of yellow, green or red generally is found at the waist. The dark hair of the girls is adorned with artificial flowers. The zapatos, worn on the feet, are the same color as the sash.

At this time the rollicking Nipollero is danced in honor of the queen of carnival, who is chosen by the people.

In sunny days native women are found washing their clothes in small streams, under the shade of some tree.

Native cooking is done out of doors in most Pan American homes. This is convenient for the house-keeper, for many poor families live in only one room.

Of all the queer dishes in Panama, Iquana seems to be the queerest, and is enjoyed immensely by the natives. As all of you know, Iquana is a large lizard, often three feet in length. When cooked it tastes much like frog legs. The Iquana eggs are considered a great delicacy.

One sport of the Panamanian children that the American children in Panama enjoy too is coasting downhill on a palm leaf. The fringed part of the leaf is cut off leaving a flat rectangular stem. A gown man can easily coast on these without the least trouble. The larger the leaf, the better. These are spread open and dried for about a day. The dry season is the best for coasting, for then the grass is dry and slippery. In coasting you can coast as you please, but I prefer throwing my full length on the leaf. This not only gives you a good start,

but helps you to guide the leaf better. In guiding the leaf you catch the front part with both hands and raise or lower it, which ever is needed. Although this is lots of fun,

you become quite dusty and grass stained.

Panama's people, on the whole, play, work and have their sorrows like people the world over.



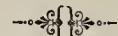
### THE LADY OF THE MOON

*By Evelyn Leigh*

High up in the heavens,  
Across a path of light;  
The Lady of the Moon  
Treads all through the night.

While on earth we sleep,  
She keeps watch above;  
Always watching o'er us,  
With soft eyes of love.

When the dawn approaches,  
She must go away;  
For her beauty fades  
In the light of day.



### "THE BLUE CALF"

*By Helen Stephenson*

Stanley Carwyn had always been a restless soul, wandering from place to place, capable of great things when once interested, but seldom aroused. Consequently, he hardly knew whether to call himself scientist, archaeologist or traveler. At the time of this story, he was fifty-five years old, tall, strong and, although his hair was white and his face furrowed, still quite young looking. He was a man of varied experiences. He had been stationed in Algiers with the French Foreign Legion, had seen service during the World War, had hunted in Africa, and yet withal seemed cultured and refined, and was sometimes even charming. When a young man, he had somehow found time to attend college, but he had learned most

about his favorite subject, archaeology, outside of this institution. By the time he had acquired means enough to pursue this subject independently, he was one of the least-known but most accomplished archaeologists in England. He had his residence in England, and because of his almost uncanny knowledge of native ways, was highly respected in his adopted land.

Carwyn heard, indirectly enough, that some very promising ruins had been found near Garah, Egypt, and that there were splendid opportunities there for unrecognized archaeologists to win fame and perhaps fortune for themselves. Having decided to try his luck in the ruins of some ancient tomb, he made extensive preparations for his excava-

tions, first securing a government permit and then engaging native workers to help him in the actual labor. He himself was the only white man in his party and except for the knowledge acquired in the course of his checkered career and his popularity with the natives, he would have been unable to control his men. As it was, they realized that he was not the man to be trifled with and that as long as they implicitly obeyed his orders, he would treat them fairly enough.

Carwyn's caravan left Cairo and proceeded immediately to Garah where the authorities welcomed the archaeologist, but warned him to turn over, or at least report to them, all of his findings before he disposed of them in any way. Having secured several rough and unofficial sketches of the tombs, he set out for El Kasr which was the common name for the ruins. As El Kasr was very near, it was not long before Carwyn had pitched his camp, looked over the as yet indiscernible tombs, and instructed his men. The first excavations were soon well under way; the men seemed interested, contented, and devoted to Carwyn, who thought himself the happiest and most fortunate of men. He was so devoted to his work that all else seemed to him entirely unnecessary and inconsequential, and he was perfectly miserable unless either planning or actually making his excavations. He remarked to one of his men that he had never thought anything would get such a hold on him as this had and that his whole life was wrapped up in this one project.

One day a young native, strong and intelligent looking, came into camp, followed by a caravan similar to Carwyn's. The stranger rode out to Carwyn, offered his hand in a most Anglo-Saxon manner, and presented papers to the archaeologist.

The papers stated that Ben Hammad, the bearer, a young man just out of Oxford, was authorized by the government to carry on excavations at El Kars, that he was not in any way to interfere with any properly authorized work already begun but to cooperate with such, so long as all the finds of the ruins were carefully turned over to the government for inspection before any disposition was made of them. Ben Hammad was very courteous and tactful and tried to show Carwyn that he did not intend in any way to usurp his place of his forthcoming glory. Carwyn welcomed the newcomer politely enough, but some restraint and perhaps a little chagrin were visible in his attitude. The two men got on well enough, and there was between them as little friction as is possible between two men of different nationalities, who are both working for the same end. However, Carwyn could not quite reconcile himself to the coming of Hammad and so often brooded over his misfortune that he became restless and morbid. The only time he seemed to forget himself was when he was actually engaged in some part of the excavating.

By this time the tomb had been opened and the ancient treasures were beginning to be unearthed. Hammad and Carwyn were busy every minute, supervising the work of the natives, examining the finds, and sending them, under a heavy guard, to the government authorities at Garah. They had in turn received very encouraging reports from these officials and were assured that their efforts would be highly rewarded. The only strange thing was that as nearly as the hieroglyphics could be made out, the most sacred of all the treasures was the "blue calf." Hammad and Carwyn had had many discussions over this figure and had

concluded that, were it found, it would be of the greatest value, both pecuniary and historical. Somehow, Carwyn was not able to banish the blue calf from his mind. It fascinated him and seemed to lay hold of his entire being, making him unlike himself. Even the natives noticed this change in their leader and came to rely more and more on Hammad. He even heard one of them mutter to another, "The place's got him; just as it always gets the white man." Carwyn grew to think of Hammad as his enemy and was generally uncivil to him, relaxing only when he forgot himself in the sheer joy of his work.

The tomb had been opened so that from the main corridor it went off into two long compartments, quite far from each other. The right wing had been explored first and the entire group of men had started work on the left. One day, leaving Hammad and all the workers in the left wing, Carwyn wandered into the large room on the right. While idly passing his hand over the wall decoration he saw a block of stone on the opposite side of the room move slightly open. Rushing over, he easily raised the stone, and found underneath a small case, painted blue. He carefully opened it and found incased in a little blue bag fashioned from a rare piece of silk, the tiny figure of a calf, with its queerly-shaped body made of pure gold and its head carved from a perfect sapphire. His first impulse was to cry out in glad astonishment. Then he reconsidered. No one had seen him find the calf; no one was even sure there was such a thing. Why call Hammad, tell him of this marvelous discovery, and thus lose part of the glory? He realized the enormity of his crime in concealing such a precious thing, and yet could not bring himself to give it up. His mind had

reached the point where the blue calf seemed to him the embodiment of his life's work, even of his life itself.

"And then," he reasoned, "if I should decide that it is best to surrender it, why surely I can 'discover' it any time I see fit."

As the figure was very small, it was a simple matter to conceal it about his person. Walking quietly out of the tomb, he went to his room and there put his treasure carefully away. For the next two or three days Carwyn remained indoors, both to guard his idol and to avoid any shadow of suspicion which he might unknowingly cast on himself. He thought of nothing else and dreamed of nothing else; his whole being seemed dependent on this little figure. He realized that his only salvation was to get it off his mind and, accordingly, he again started taking an active part in the excavating. This effort only served to increase his discomfort. What did Hammad know? What did that swarthy-faced Abyssinian know? Why did all the men look at him so? He was positive that his crime was unknown and even unsuspected. Something had to be done about these shadowy and suspicious looks he thought he saw. Hammad suspected him and Hammad must be silenced.

With this terrible and fierce determination, he entered the room of Hammad, dagger in hand, to kill as a native kills. Suddenly, he realized that if a murder were committed, no one might leave until after the inevitable investigation, and in that case, what chance had he? He was determined to hurt Hammad and, his brain fuddled and blurred, he drove his dagger through the shoulder of Hammad, perhaps thinking, pagan-like, that his enemy would thus be pinned down forever. With a snake-

like movement, he was out on the sands, his blue calf closely clutched in his hand. He wanted nothing except to help Hammad and his government from ever gaining possession of his beloved blue calf. In a fit of passion, he seized a stone and brought it down upon the little bag which enclosed the figure. The grating and cracking sound which

resulted seemed to him the crushing of his very soul.

Two days later government representatives bearing official recognition of the valuable services of Stanley Carwyn, archaeologist, found on the sands between El Kasr and Garah the body of a man, and tightly clutched in his hand was a little blue bag containing a handful of gold and blue dust.



### AUTUMN WOOD

*By Cathryn Bennett*

We can laugh and we can play the whole summer long,  
And indulge our laziness too,  
In a cool shady spot, with a book and a song.  
We idle the warm days through,  
Till Autumn comes blustering along.

Then the crispness of the air makes you bustle everywhere,  
And you really feel that Life is worth the while;  
The trees are getting bare, as the brisk winds blowing there  
Give the leaves a toss and you smile  
As you feel the touch of Autumn in the air.

The leaves are hurrying, scurrying and flurrying,  
As they playfully dash to and fro;  
First you're gay, then you're sad—longing then worrying,  
As the crimson and gold cast their glow,  
And the mood of Autumn is with us everywhere.



### BOY HOWDY:

*By Lucie Grossmann*

We were at last settled and ready for our trip to Mt. Mitchell. Helen and I were in the front seat with the driver, while her mother and father and a gentleman from New York occupied the back.

No sooner had we started than our guide began to get acquainted by passing around chewing gum. I had no idea what his object was, but I gladly took the gum and—then the fun began!

He immediately launched forth into a highly personal conversation

which lasted from that time until we finally landed at our hotel in Asheville.

He began by giving us some of his life's history. The account ranged from the idiosyncrasies of his grandfather to the kind of shoestring he wore. It was very interest-

And then he started on his experiences as a taxi driver. To hear him tell it you'd think he had driven everybody except Cal Coolidge on some trip or other. He stopped only

long enough to get his breath and to exclaim: "Boy howdy! This bus sure did run!" And then he plunged on with the narrative.

He took great delight in telling us of a seven-day tour to Georgia, on which he took two old maids. According to his account, one of the dear ladies liked him very much, and as for my friend Mr. Allen—well, they delighted in his conversation, so you know what kind of a time he had. He told us about everything, even what they had for dinner.

"Boy howdy! what a dinner I ate!" he exclaimed, "But you know," he said changing the subject, "there are some people in Asheville who won't ride with anybody but me. It's funny, but people call up the office, and, when they find that I am out, they wait sometimes for a week to take their trip, just to ride with me. Isn't it funny? There's just something about me. I don't know what it is but people just like me!"

Here I gave Helen a knowing glance and, growing tired of his boasting, fell to studying the scenery, leaving Helen to stand the misery as best she could. At the left I noticed a very beautiful mountain and was just about to inquire its name, but Mr. Allen was so engaged in explaining to Helen the reason why he appealed to the fair sex that I have still to learn the name of the mountain. The roads were very narrow and it was drizzling just a little. Every now and then I thought surely we were going to skid and expressed my opinion to this effect. Unfortunate remark! Woe be the

day! Mr. Allen immediately commenced telling me what an expert driver he was.

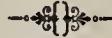
"Don't worry, little lady. I can drive up here with my eyes shut."

Little lady indeed! Who does he think he is anyway! But I got no further in my thoughts, for we had reached Camp Alice. At last we were rid of the pest for a short interval. After a delightful lunch and two hours of marvelous scenery we started for Asheville. What a wonderful memory that man had. He started just where he had left off! We heard "Boy howdy" and "little lady," until I thought I should scream. He only gave us time to put in such remarks as, "That's fine," or "Is that so?" By the time we were nearing Asheville Helen had become so accustomed to saying "That's fine," that she nearly caused her own downfall.

"I nearly got arrested the other day," Mr. Allen remarked.

"That's - - -" Helen began and, then catching her self in time asked, "How was that?" Feeling that she had done her duty, and knowing that it was going to be a long, sad tale, she proceeded to go to sleep. On waking, she found that Mr. Allen was still raving.

At last we arrived at the hotel. Boy howdy! what a relief! Looking back over the day's trip, I realized that I had heard more about Mr. Allen and "his bus" than I had about the scenery. The next time I am going to be sure that the driver has more regard for scenic beauty and less "it."



### THE BELL BUOY

*By Berkeley Carter*

Tolling, tolling, tolling,  
A ceaseless monotone,  
For every wave that's rolling  
You emit a groan.

Clang, clang, clang,  
    You go banging evermore  
In a rythmic sing song  
    Just off the rocky shore.

Tearing, crushing, thundering,  
    The waves beat all around,  
Spending their wrathful fury,  
    While you produce your sound.

From morn till night you serve us,  
    From dusk till dawn you toll,  
And you will e'er be faithful  
    As long as oceans roll.



### CHINK'S LUCK

*By R. Page Burwell*

The Old Man, proprietor of a flourishing pawnshop of somewhat shady reputation, was more than satisfied with the results of his day's work. Well-to-do people of London often brought their personal properties to this establishment and, leaving them to "soak," departed with sufficient money to carry them through their financial emergencies. Stolen articles were nearly always taken to the Old Man. He invariably allowed more on articles than any of his competitors, and to the majority of his customers, the main reason for their preference lay in the fact that investigation on behalf of the police never got farther than the shop. The Old Man was true to his clients.

"Flashy" Johnson had pulled another of his famous society exploits; the result was, as usual, that he turned up the next day at the Old Man's with an extremely valuable diamond necklace. As Flashy was closely trailed by the police, he sold it for about a fifth of its value. Thus did the Old Man have ample excuse for his great animation.

Watching from behind the safe,

"Chink" Arnold grinned. So the Old Man really thought he was getting away with something! If he opened the safe tonight to inspect his treasure, Chink was going to pull the old stunt known as hijacking. If he merely locked up and went home, then Chink had dynamite, which he had used in similar cases.

Slipping in and hiding behind the safe while the Old Man was in the rear of the shop, Chink had witnessed the transfer of the diamonds. This was a chance in a life time. The most he had hoped to get would not have exceeded two hundred dollars, but here was one article, which could be easily hidden, worth more than an armful of the other stuff.

One of the gang with quick wit had tacked the name of Chink to Arnold's name. Well, he did resemble, in more ways than one, the yellow-skinned members of the Chinese race. His eyes had the characteristic slant, and his small lithe body added to the deception. For Arnold professed himself English and as far as proof could be obtained, he was connected in no way with the Chinese. As to his an-

cestry, everyone gave him the benefit of the doubt, but continued to call him Chink.

Of all the peculiar things about him, his luck was the most peculiar. He always held up the right person; he always put his hand in the pocket containing a thick wallet; the houses he visited were seldom bolted up completely; the night watchman could never describe him effectively; and if a lucky break was to be had, Chink got it. But, in every case, when success seemed obvious, something would go wrong. For instance, after picking a pocket, he either lost the wallet in a quick get-away or had it repicked from his own pocket. An unaccounted for dog would make him lose half of his booty. So, in general, a hundred per cent profit was unknown to Chink.

It worried him now as he was hiding behind the safe. It looked too much as if his old luck was with him again. Here was an old helpless man with a dazzling necklace. As usual, Chink could see no possibility of failure. He'd just tap the old fellow a light blow, make sure he had the necklace well in his possession, then beat it. It looked so simple.

The Old Man, having made ready to leave his place of business for the night, paused before his safe. Hadn't he better count the diamonds? The shades were drawn, and locking the front door from the inside, he returned to the battered container of his wealth. Squatting down with his nose to the oily dial, he fumbled over the combination. After what seemed an age to the man in hiding, the old door creaked open. With much deliberation he drew out the sparkling chain. Greedily two sets of eyes estimated its value, both certain of its possession. With deadly deliberation, Chink took two steps forward and then brought the

butt of his pistol down on the grey head bent before him. The Old Man sank noiselessly to the floor, the jewels dropping from his hand. His skull, whether from age or from the unrealized force of the blow, had crushed like paper before Chink's horrified eyes. He hadn't meant to kill him. His infernal luck again. Now the cops would be out for him on a charge of first degree murder.

Crash!

What the devil was that? Chink stood up trembling.

The front door sagged as a similar blow was delivered. The London Bobbies as sure as ——. How did they find out?

Laying the cause of the sudden interruption entirely on his luck, Chink snatched up the jewels and dashed for the rear door. Slipping out of it just as the front door gave way, he lit out for the near-by alley. A brief pause inside, then a police whistle. Out of the back door stumbled a half dozen officers of the law. Glimpsing the fleeing Chink, they took up pursuit.

Down one alley, up another, around a corner, and then up some dark street. Chink cursed his luck for causing him to put on a light suit.

Vigorously and unfalteringly the police stuck to his trail, and, what was more alarming, they were gaining. He was lost, too. Glimpses of signs told him he was near a corner of London in which the majority of the Chinese settled. But, that didn't tell him in which direction to flee next. He must dodge into one of these houses if he hoped to avoid arrest. O boy! His luck had changed. Before him was an open door. True, it was as dark as possible within, but it was his only chance. Running at top speed he dashed through the open doorway. Chink's old luck had returned. The door wasn't open!

When he awoke, he found himself in a strange room. Vaguely did he collect his thoughts. Little by little he remembered his flight. But how did he get here? It wasn't a jail, so he evidently had not fallen into the hands of the police. Oh! Someone had opened a door somewhere behind him. Chink reached for his gun. Of course, it had been removed. Well, he'd wait since he was too weak even to raise his head.

"Ah! So you are awake at last," said a wheezy voice. Judging from the reflected shadow on the wall, the owner of the voice was advancing.

Looking as far out of the corners of his eyes as he was able, Chink regarded his visitor, who was slowly maneuvering around the table like some large sluggish ship coming into harbor. This person, whatever his purpose, was a Chinaman. Around his stout person hung the ill-fitting clothes that so well mark the Oriental. A broad smile was smeared over his pudgy face, evidently striving to show a friendly nature.

"Are you not hungry?" he asked Chink in perfect English.

"Naw," was the gruff reply.

"You must eat a little nevertheless." And out glided the Chinaman.

A little while later he came in and without a word sat down a well-laden tray and departed.

For two weeks Ching received the service of a king. Beyond a few salutations conversation was conspicuous by its absence. In vain did Chink try to draw the Chinaman out in regard to his whereabouts. Tomorrow would tell. On that day if a certain Oriental didn't get "powerfully talkative," another murder would result.

Chink's determined attack was short lived, for in the wake of the customary tray bearer was another Chinaman of doubtless aristocratic blood. He was just about Chink's

size and a great deal more graceful than his fellow countryman. If he could speak English, he didn't.

Both took seats and for a while silently regarded the man sitting on the bed.

"Please be so kind as to remain silent while I speak," commenced the chubby one.

"O. K. Shoot," consented Chink. He had for a long time been wondering what the terms of his release would be. He expected they would keep his diamonds and compel him to do something they themselves would be afraid to do. Rob some bank, for instance. That done, they might let him go.

"We have found out that you have killed a man and for this you are sought by the police. You have been well cared for, and now if you consent, I will divide the jewels you had into three piles, one for each of us. That being done, we will secure you a passage on a boat leaving England tonight for Holland. When you land there, you may go where you wish. We like you and therefore will help you escape."

Chink was no fool. There was something rotten in Denmark. Why ask his consent to dividing the jewels? Did they not have all of them now? And the excuse for going to the trouble of getting him passports and feeding him so highly was so weak it needed crutches. Who ever heard of a Chinaman liking a stranger so well that he would put himself to so much trouble unless he expected to gain by it in some manner? That was where the trouble came in. How could these two expect to gain anything by helping him escape?

"Sure, split it as you like," Chink told them. This was done and each pocketed his share.

"Now, how about my leaving?" he asked, anxious to be free again.

"Oh, there is no hurry. The boat does not leave until night. However, we will prepare you for departure. Will you kindly sit in this chair? Of course you understand you could never leave this country unless disguised. The police are looking for you everywhere. What I intend to do is to allow you to escape in the guise of this gentleman here." Here he pointed to his graceful countryman.

While Chink was carefully looking for the means by which his would-be assistants expected to gain, he still could not see anything but success for himself.

A little paint box, a can of grease and a half hour's work completed nature's intent of making a Chinaman out of Chink. Then a typical Oriental costume was removed from a little trunk sitting in a corner. As he put on the green silk articles, Chink determined that if ever he succeeded in reaching a foreign port, he would, at least, have a beautiful pair of pajamas. Elaborate was no name for them; and he wondered seriously if all the red, green, and blue dragons, which, when turned upside down, resembled vicious long-beaked birds, would interfere with his slumbers. The little flat black shoes would make ideal bedroom slippers. An absurd cap, to the inside of which was attached a long false queue, was finished out and placed on Chink's closely cropped head. A string of beads and, of course, the ever present fan added the finishing touch. Looking into the large mirror brought in from the next room, Chink beheld his no-longer self. Such a striking resemblance to the quiet little Chinaman, who was so unceremoniously watching from the opposite side of the room, was manifested that Chink had to perform several gestures to satisfy himself

that he was himself.

"A very good likeness, is he not?" asked the stout artistic one of his little companion.

The latter nodded. A sly smile showed ever so slightly.

Darn these freaks. What was the meaning of these well satisfied grins? Of course, he was funny looking, and if they had laughed, Chink would have joined in. But those mirthless smiles only strengthened Chink's fear of a trick. For two pins he'd tear off these clownish garments and smear those two heathens all over the room. Yes, and get a knife between his shoulders. Just because only two yellow-skins had shown themselves was no proof that several more were not close at hand. It then occurred to him that possibly he had been mistaken for a god or something. Why, maybe Dame Fortune, for a change, was truly smiling on her unfortunate son. A slim chance, Chink told himself.

"If you wish to escape detection on the part of the police, you must not take such long steps when you walk. Try this." Here the pudgy one half glided and half shuffled across the room.

Fifteen minutes of practice and Chink could imitate him after a fashion.

A little later a well furnished tray was brought in by a third Chinaman, who, after casting a pitying glance at Chink, left the room.

Through the whole meal, of which the three silently partook, a strange doom seemed to settle over the disgusted prisoner. Chink tried to throw it off, but it always came back. What was the matter with him? Wasn't he to escape from England and its police? He should be happy, complimenting his luck for leading him to a house in which ready assistance was available. Try as he would, Chink could not convince him-

self that amity was the only incentive for aiding him in his flight. Money? If so, how?

At last both Chinamen arose. The little one departed; Chink never saw him again.

"I will now give you your instructions," began the remaining Oriental. "At exactly seven-fifteen the Ottawa leaves Long Street dock. You are listed as a first-class passenger for Holland. Your name is to be Ho Lee Sing. That is the name of the gentleman who just left us. Disguised as him you will have no interference by the police. I will walk with you until we sight the dock. Let us now depart."

This whole speech was given much as a prisoner's doom is pronounced by a judge.

Did this generous friend intend to murder him? But what could Chink's death mean to him?

Down a long dark stairway the two walked slowly and out of the same black door which Chink mistook to be open in his dive for safety. The passing people did not pay a great deal of attention to the two grim Chinamen. Tramp, tramp, tramp. The strain was telling on Chink's nerves. Something was going to happen; he could feel it in the air. The streets were getting less populated now; ah, he saw the river.

The Chinaman stopped now. "Just around the corner you will see the wharf and your ship. This is the only way by which you may return, and if you do that, you will never pass me alive."

Chink's old gun was then shown to him under the ample folds of the Chinaman's sleeves.

There was no choice now. He must go down the dark street to the water.

"Good-bye," said the yellow mask-like face meaningly.

Chink did not answer, for had he uttered a sound it would have been a scream. His nerve had broken completely as the gruesome individual bade him farewell. Chink turned and started down the narrow street. Half way down he looked back. There stood the Oriental cutting off his retreat. This was the last time Chink ever saw his captor.

At last the corner, and there riding at anchor was a ship. His ship! The old rascal was his friend after all. Now for Holland, then America and happiness. Lady Luck had laid a friendly hand on his head and was now smiling on him. All he'd have to do now was to take the small boat undoubtedly waiting for him, and go aboard the Ottawa. Freedom! How he loved the word. With the help of the Lord he would\_\_\_\_\_.

Something pointed was being placed just back of his left shoulder. A lean arm circled his neck and tightened. Not a sound could Chink utter.

A low voice whispered in his ear, "You marry my sister, huh? You will run away and leave her to die cause her heart break? I catch you, I kill you too, Ho Lee Sing."

A stinging pain—then darkness.

Back in a poorly lighted room, a stout and a graceful Chinaman sat across from each other at a table.

The two smiled and the fat one spoke. "So I just pretended to be giving you away to your brother-in-law, who was out to kill you. I told him where he could find you and at what time. He was down by the old dock when our English fool came walking along in your disguise. Your dear brother-in-law will now go home happily reporting your murder, and you may go as you please without danger."

Chink's luck had played its last trick on him.

**RONDEAUX ON NATURE****Once Long Ago***By Ella Walton*

Once long ago an Angel came,  
 The sweetest of the flowers to name;  
 A peep at each small flower she took,  
 In garden, forest, field and nook,  
 To find and bless them each the same.

To a proud red tulip first she came,  
 Who asked for beauty, ease and fame,  
 To bloom for a princess beside a brook,  
 Once long ago.

She wanted a flower who earned the name,  
 To adorn field and meadow nor bow in shame.  
 "Dandelion," she spoke like words from a book,  
 "You're the one I like best because you took  
 Up the mission of love for which One came  
 Once long ago."

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—o—**Beside The Mill***By Aileen Small*

Beside the mill when moonlight beams,  
 My thoughts become unbroken dreams;  
 'Tis then I ponder, wonder, too,  
 Will any of my dreams come true?  
 There is no answer from the streams.

The streams reflect the silv'ry gleams;  
 They intermingle, so it seems,  
 But to my dreams they give no clue,  
 Beside the mill.

I look ahead and form my schemes;  
 I hope my future life redeems  
 The dreams, the thoughts I have in view,  
 Which from my inmost soul I drew;  
 I meditate on many themes,  
 Beside the mill.

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—o—**Spring***By Betsy Budd*

She will come soon; she will be bold,  
 She'll take the world to have and hold;  
 She'll do her best and use her powers  
 To drive Jack Frost from out his towers  
 And deck the clouds with rims of gold.

Nothing is dark or dull or cold;  
To make the tiny leaves unfold  
And wash the land with silvery showers  
She will come soon.

From out of the sky and fertile mould  
She'll bring her mysteries untold  
To sprinkle the woods with early flowers  
And fill with song the silent bowers.  
To keep her promise as of old  
She will come soon.

—o—

### Down By The Brook

*By Virginia Smith*

'Way down by the brook where the rushes grow,  
And the sands on the banks are white as snow,  
The bullfrogs croak and the lizards run,  
And the fish are showing their backs in the sun;  
And the rushes rustle when breezes blow.

The dying sunset sends its glow  
On the bird's nest rocking to and fro  
When the twilight creeps and the day is done;  
'Way down by the brook.

And then the farmer comes to sow,  
And he sows the barley row on row  
While his children have the greatest fun.  
They wade the brook till some shells are won  
And the fishes wish that away they'd go;  
'Way down by the brook.

—o—

### At the Dawn of Day

*By Bessie Meade Friend*

At the dawn of day when God seems near,  
Before the busy throngs appear,  
When all the world's so still, so calm,  
With not a sight to give alarm,  
My heart is light and free from fear.

O'er nature spreads a peaceful cheer,  
No mortals now can mock and jeer  
When thus God spreads his mighty arm  
At dawn of day.

At the break of morn, a day so dear  
Is born to light the night so dear.  
How free from all thy gates is harm!  
How full in all thy gates is charm!  
Thy greatness, Lord, we do revere  
At dawn of day.

## SOUVENIR HUNTERS

*By Charles Bradsher*

In the spring of 1927, just before Col. Lindbergh had arrived in the United States, I received an invitation from a friend to accompany him to Washington. The purpose of their trip was to attend the reception of the Colonel and to "see the town," as my friend expressed it.

We made our trip to the capitol uneventfully and arrived in time for the big parade. We followed through the whole affair from one end to the other. I noticed my friend put his hand in his pocket several times but draw it away in disappointment. I saw my friend suddenly draw from his pocket a pair of scissors. He brushed quickly by the "Lone Eagle." At first I feared an assassination, but nothing seemed to happen. Suddenly he bobbed up in the crowd beside me.

"Quick!" said he, "Let's get in the car; I have something to tell you."

Once in the car he displayed triumphantly a button!

"Of what good is that?" I asked, "You can get a dozen like that for a quarter."

"Plenty," said he. "This is my souvenir of Lindbergh's non-stop flight."

I decided then and there that it was time for us to be going home. He insisted that we see the tomb of the unknown soldier at Arlington. When we reached there he climbed the hill slightly ahead of me. As he reached the tomb he drew a geologist's hammer from his pocket, and

had the same upraised in the act of cracking off the marble. Only a terrific sprint and seven-yard flying tackle saved part of the tomb from being classified as "souvenir of a trip to Arlington." He sat up and rubbed his head and inquired what was the matter. He protested feebly as I pocketed his hammer. I resolved not to let him get out of my sight again. I followed him closely; finally we became tired and sat down on the edge of one of the drives. I sat there fifteen or twenty minutes contemplating the number of our dead heroes who had been laid to rest there. I wondered how each had come to his death, and what were their emotions as death encompassed them with the folds of his black robe. At this point I noticed a woodpecker across the way busily pecking away at a tree. "Pretty bird, isn't it?" I commented. Receiving no answer I turned to find my friend gone. I had grave fear for anything in the cemetery that was "souvenirable," so I hailed the first policeman who passed. Together we went off in search for him. After a few minutes' search I "spotted" him at work. He was busily engaged in sawing off one of the points of the anchor from the battleship Maine. I did not wish to disturb him, so I calmly hit him over the head with the hammer I had previously captured. I dragged him to the automobile and brought him back home. No more souvenir hunters for me!

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## THE STORM

*By Dorothy Stewart*

I stood one day and looked at the sky,  
Which at times was clear and blue.  
I stood and watched the clouds that fly,  
Which seemed so very close  
And at times seemed very high.

I stood and watched the blue disappear  
On the sandy shore that day.  
The billows of storm came rolling near,  
And lightning flashed across the sky,  
Until I trembled with fear.

For hours it stormed with its wind and rain,  
And dark was the night that it raged.  
It seemed that the sun would ne'er shine again,  
But dawn came on with its beauty,  
And the sky was clear and plain.



### THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

*By Anna F. Traylor*

Joash was a very interesting old man. He had been living in the beautiful mountains of Alaska for forty years. Every year in the early days of fall, he would get his dogs together and go down the mountain-side to Mirona, the nearest village. There he would get all the provisions that he could carry and then hurry back to his little hut. People wondered why he stayed alone, how he could be satisfied, and what he did to amuse himself during the cold days of winter. However, Joash would never talk when he came to the village, and, when the miners tried to be friendly and called him over to take a drink, he would shake his head and tell them that he was going back to wait another year.

Finally, the people lost interest in him. They knew that he still lived on the mountain and that he still helped travelers who happened to pass his way, but beyond that Joash might have been living in a different world entirely. Very often, during the winter storms, he would help travelers across the mountains, or show them the way to Mirona. He spent most of his time, however, killing game and trapping animals for their fur.

Then came the days when tourists began to come to Alaska, and there

came a call for guides to show the parties of visitors across the mountains. You can imagine the surprise of the village folk when Joash, the mountain recluse, came down and took his position as Joash, the quide. More and more people came to see the beautiful snow-covered peaks, the streams, and glaciers of an almost unknown land. Joash, with the help of a few favored miners, built a big log station at the foot of the mountains. There he had brought all kinds of medicines, foods, clothing, and many other provisions, so that when tourists came, he would always be able to help them. Everybody began to look on him as a "Good Samaritan" to mountain travelers.

Years passed and Joash was now an old man. He had a long white beard, his eyes were a faded blue, and his locks were long and grizzled. Most of the old villagers had died, and he alone held the same position. Then one day the news came that the President of the United States was coming to Alaska, and each village was to supply him with its best guide. After many brawls among the younger men, the villagers chose old Joash as the best fitted and most trustworthy guide in Mirona. When the big day came, the old mountain climber dressed up

in his very best and went down to meet the party of tourists. He was escorted with dignity to meet and shake hands with the President, then he was introduced to other members of the party, the Secretary of State, two members of Congress from Virginia and Maryland, two bodyguards, two prominent New York bankers, and five or six newspaper men. Joash was all smiles, and it did everybody's heart good to see him shaking hands with the last one of the party, a distinguished looking old gentleman, no other than Mr. James B. Crankden, the rich banker. No one understood why Joash ceased to smile and turned away with a far-away look in his eyes. Yet, if they could only have known what was in his heart, what great anguish all could have been spared.

Slowly he got his sleighs ready, packed away his provisions, and saw that everything was ready for the long journey. Then he gave the word, and off they shot over the snow. They traveled by sleigh for many days until they could no longer use them. Therefore they started on foot to climb the highest peaks in that region so that they could get a good view of the surrounding country. Whenever they could, they would stop and take pictures, write up their diaries, and discuss the wonders of this new land.

Every night they camped in some new rock-bound cave. They would make a fire and sit around it talking until the wee small hours of the night. Then, one by one, they would drop off to sleep. Thus, after everything was quiet, Joash had plenty of time to steal out into the open and commune with himself. He would walk back and forth and talk to himself. His conversation would sound something like this to a listener:

"I knew he would come. I've waited long enough, but shall I do it or not? Oh! If I could only carry them safely back to civilization, I would resist this temptation. If I did it, I would only regret it. I'm unhappy now, and I would be unhappy then. Oh! how I wish that I had someone to help me."

Then, laughing hysterically, he would sit with his head in his hands and wait for morning to come so that he could be up and doing.

Finally they reached the rugged region, and the real climbing began.

Joash said, "I think it will be best for us to tie ourselves together so that we can help each other along."

"Yes, let me get next to you," said the banker, "and then line the rest of them up."

Thus the march was begun, Joash leading, the banker next, and then the others, one behind the other. The climbing was very slow and difficult, and they had to stop often to rest. After two or three hours of it, they came to a very steep place, which led to a flat surface from which they could see everything for miles around: the glacier on a nearby peak, the river winding far below, and the villages looking like tiny specks on the side of the mountains. This incline was the very worst, and Joash made them all stop and untie the ropes so that he could take one up at a time.

As the banker seemed to be most daring, Joash started up with him first. They climbed very slowly, but, as they went higher and higher, they rounded a boulder and were completely lost to view. As soon as he knew they were safely out of sight and hearing, Joash began to talk.

"You don't know me after all these years, do you?" he said.

"After all these years? Why, what do you mean?" said the banker. "I'm sure I've never laid eyes on you

before. Maybe you think I am some old friend. My name is James B. Crankden, and I was reared in the little village of Sebren in Indiana."

"Ah! you may think that I am crazy or doty with age, but, if you will sit here a few moments, I'll tell you a story that will convince you of my sanity.

"When I was a young man, I, too, lived in a small village in Indiana. My people were of good blood, and I was given a good education. Then, the time came when my mother was taken sick and died, and I had to go out to make my own living. I met a very nice young girl and fell in love with her. Not long after, I found out that I had a rival, one of my best friends too. This boy had everything. He was of a wealthy family, had been taught by the best teachers, and didn't even have to work; so, of course, Ellen—that was her name—was fooled by his money and turned against me. Then one night the blow came; they eloped without leaving me either a note or a word to sooth my grief. I left home the same night swearing vengeance on the man that had stolen my girl. Now, I'm ready to take vengeance. You are the man, James. Did you think that I could ever forget you?"

"William! But your name isn't William. What made you change your name? What are you going to do to me now? If the girl had not loved me, she would not have married me; so you see, it was not my fault."

"Well, I have stood it long enough. Do you see the river down there? Either you or I will have that for a grave. If you will put away your finery and fight like a man, all right; otherwise you will go over the precipice now."

The banker, though exhausted by the long journey, said he would

fight; so taking off their heavy coats, they began. First one and the other was on the edge. Each man thought that that time would be the last. The banker was growing faint; Joash was still fresh. Then, all of a sudden, they were both on the edge. A terrible silence and they went down, down, down. There was a crash below, and all was over.

Meanwhile, the party waiting below began to get uneasy. They thought that Joash was taking a mighty long time; so two of the reporters got up nerve enough to climb past the boulder. After a terrible struggle to keep themselves from falling, they reached the top. Seeing no sign of a human being, they began to call, but no answer came; so looking around on the ground, they saw that there had been a fight. They looked over the edge of the precipice, but the river winding lazily along its course could tell them nothing. Just as they were ready to give up, one of them spied something shiny lying near the edge of the precipice. Picking it up, they found that it was a little gold watch, in the back of which was the picture of a beautiful girl and the name of William Boyden.

They went back to the party and told what they had seen. Then, fearing to go on, the travelers, after many days, returned to Mirona. There they told the sad story of Joash, and the people understood and were sorry. Soon the tourists left for home, and the first things they did when they got back to the United States were publish the tragic story of the New York banker and send a little gold watch to Mrs. James B. Crankden at her fashionable residence in New York.

Years have passed, and people have changed; but now in the little village of Mirona tourists still come

and use the little log hut built by Joash, and at the foot of the mountain a monument has been erected to the "Good Samaritan."



### A SCHOOL DESK

*By Bernice Dean*

Kick it, scar it, break it,  
Write on it, what do we care?  
It's only an old school desk,  
It isn't anything rare.

It's dirty, and worn, and ugly.  
On it are names galore  
Of boys and girls who sat there  
Way back in the days of yore.

But, really it isn't so ugly,  
And it must be a wonderful one  
To keep itself together  
In spite of the children's fun.

It's plain and marred, that's certain,  
But as upon it you gaze,  
It brings back memories dear  
Of never-forgotten days.



### PUPPY LOVE

*By John M. Goodwin*

Bobby was a very attractive and promising young man. He was in his early teens and was a very good little athlete. He danced well and was generally popular in his "bunch." One night he attended a private dance given by one of the boys. Anne Boyd, a pretty little girl of about Bobby's age, was there. Bobby nice girl. Anne seemed to attract him more than unusual that night. He couldn't understand it. He was conscious of a kind of peculiar feeling creeping over him. This went on for maybe two hours. By the time for the dance to end Bobby had come to the conclusion

that he was deeply in love with Anne. Yes sir, that's what it was. He had felt it coming on for several hours and hadn't recognized it. The three-piece orchestra began playing "Home Sweet Home," and Bobby made a dash for Anne. He had danced with her only a few steps when Johnny Williams "broke" him. The dirty \* () |\* |(, "breaking" him when he was dancing with his girl, and it was the last dance too!

Bobby didn't get to talk to Anne again that night, as some other boy had brought her to the dance and was also taking her home. Bobby lay awake hours thinking of nothing but Anne. He wished to be dancing with her again. He set out next

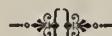
morning on his task with surprising vigor and determination. He had to make Anne like him. He thought of the different ways of "making time" with her. He was a little bit afraid to ask her for a date. He wouldn't know just what to do, and she had never had a date either.

He wandered down town, as it was Saturday morning. He met Anne and Virginia Lane, a good friend of his and Anne's confidant. He invited them both to have a drink with him. He sat by Anne and gazed steadily at her over his chocolate soda. He never lost an opportunity to flatter her, pay her little attentions. Both girls noticed these things.

Bobby met Virginia alone that afternoon. He told her how hard he had "fallen" and pleaded with her to "make some time" for him. Virginia laughed heartily. She confided in Bobby that Anne had also "fallen" for him. Bobby was overjoyed. The world became suddenly bright. This went on for a week; Bobby showering Anne with affections, and Virginia keeping them mutually informed. One of the bunch was giv-

ing a dance the following Friday night.

When Bobby danced with Anne, he noticed that she returned his affection and attentions. He was not quite so enthusiastic about the thing as he had been. Less and less did he seek out Anne to dance with. He thought about things in general, and by the end of the dance he had come to the conclusion that he was tired of Anne. He didn't care as much about her as he had thought he had. His love had left him about as quickly as it had come on him. He was now thoroughly disgusted with everything. Bobby meditated and gloated over the whole affair. It was a pity to do a girl like that, but he couldn't help it. The things she did which he used to think were cute now "gripped" him. Bobby went home, a picture of disgust. He lay awake that night thinking about Anne. He didn't want to, but he couldn't get his mind off her. In a burst of silent eloquence, Bobby resolved firmly not to fool with girls again until he was old enough to know what he was doing. He turned over and went to sleep.



## NIGHT

*By Phoebe Drewry*

To some it is only dreaded darkness,  
For others, time for joy and play,  
But for me a peaceful haven of rest  
Before the long, long toiling day.

I sit and gaze at stars above,  
Eyes of watching angels you know;  
The wind whispers of God and love,  
Cherubs singing so sweet and low.

The moon I know the Saints hang out  
To shine and glow ever bright in the sky,  
A lantern to guide us mortals about  
And let us know that God is nigh.

## DOROTHY BRIDGEFORTH

*By Mae Talmage*

D'Arcy Bridgeforth sat, peacefully rocking on the side porch of her little three-room cottage at Merwood. "For," as her friends said, "D'Arcy is getting old now and she deserves a little happiness."

"She certainly is entitled to prosperity after her hard and patient struggles to help her friends," remarked the kindly old minister to his friend, Danton, as they passed D'Arcy's house. "God bless her."

As they reached the gate the little old woman, now sixty-six, raised her head from the sweater she was knitting for the little orphan boy who brought in wood for her. When she saw the minister, her still lovely black eyes flashed into a smile. For there existed a deep understanding between these two friends.

"Good evening, Miss D'Arcy, how are you?" asked the minister, for even he called her D'Arcy, short for Dorothy.

"I am real well, thank you. And you? I hope you are well. Won't you and your friend come in for supper? It's almost ready. Hot biscuits, you know," she said with a twinkle in her eyes, for she knew that the minister dearly loved hot biscuits.

"No, I thank you; I must decline, for I told my housekeeper that I would return soon."

"Well, that's too bad. You must come some time—you know, I always expect someone."

"Remarkable old lady, isn't she?" remarked Danton as they started toward the parsonage. "One can almost feel a calmness and sweetness about her that make one happy towards her right away."

"Yes, her kind, strong character seems to give off cheerfulness to almost every one with whom she

comes in contact. She is so different from most people. The heartbreaks she has endured do not seem to make her gloomy and troublesome, but they seem to fill her heart with a longing to help any one else in those same troubles. Did you not notice her eyes? It is strange to say, but the unfathomable misty depths of that same soft light have been in her eyes ever since the Indians killed all of her family except herself, and—but wouldn't you like to hear the whole story?" the minister inquired of his friend.

"Yes indeed," replied Danton, "for she seems very interesting to me."

It was about two hours later that the minister and his friend were sitting on the porch smoking. The evening was very pleasant and the minister could just discern the features of his friend's face.

This was the story that the minister told Danton:

"Dorothy Bridgeforth came over to Virginia about 1630. At this time, there were very few homes outside of a few settlements, because of the frequent raids of the Indians when they were on the warpath and the hardships that had to be undergone in clearing land and establishing a home. At this time, Dorothy, better known as D'Arcy, was a gay spirited young girl of nineteen. When she arrived with her parents and two brothers, they were undecided whether to live in Jamestown or just outside. Her father insisted on living outside, but D'Arcy could not be persuaded to do this. She hated those red men and she would not give in. She had loathed and feared them ever since they had taken Margaret Leland away from her. In England, Margaret had been one of

her dearest friends. She had come over a year before D'Arcy and had been taken captive and later killed by the Indians during a raid. When D'Arcy thought of her friend she became infuriated to the point that she wished every Indian that existed were dead. How she hated the very sight of them! Even the thought of the way they stole silently through the forest terrified her.

"Thus D'Arcy had her way in the end, for although her father would never own up to it, he had a deep pool of secret affection in his heart for this daughter, who was so fearless and sincere. They stayed in Jamestown and D'Arcy quickly made friends with everyone. When she saw how inadequate the palisade was, she expressed her opinion very openly. She did not trust those treacherous red men.

"One day as the governor was standing on the wharf watching an approaching ship, he saw D'Arcy among the women, discussing the arrival of the ship from England, wondering who were coming or what news it would bring from home. The governor had been thinking over what D'Arcy had been quick to sense about the Indians. He had once before talked to her about it, and he thought their actions rather strange lately. As she walked towards him, he decided to question her again about the matter.

"I don't know what to think, sir, but it is my opinion that sooner or later something will happen. I don't think the white man and the Indian will ever or could ever live peacefully with one another. Some day one is going to conquer the other. The Indians with their keen sense will never give up their lands to the white man. They hate him too much for depriving them of their lands. On the other hand, the white man is also brave and will not stand for the

murder and torture of his people if he can prevent it. Therefore my opinion is that they will clash, and when they do, the white man must be prepared, for even with his knowledge of warfare, the Indians are devilishly cunning. They may strike soon or they may not. They may smoke the peace pipe and unite. Who can tell? But, as for me, I detest those people. They killed my friend, and they will kill many more if given a chance. I don't believe we ought to trust them."

"And, furthermore, how could anybody think that, all of a sudden, they have become quite reconciled to the fact that the white people are their "betters"? It is logical that under this guise of peacefulness, they are planning something. Oh, sir, I feel that something horrible will happen. And there are so few of us. I hope the ship will bring more men and firearms."

"Mistress Bridgeforth, certain things have happened lately that have almost convinced me of something on foot, and I think something should be done before it is too late," the governor answered.

"Yes, that is true. I too have noticed the change."

"Then too, the Indians are more reticent than they used to be. They cover up their actions in the woods and more hunting parties are about than usual. Their frequent visits bring more presents. They like the white man's firearms in exchange. Yes, I think this must be brought before the Council." With this idea in mind he hurried away.

"As D'Arcy had hoped, new men came over. They were not many, but they at least could help a little. As they were watching these men, a man on a horse galloped up, his face streaming with blood. He managed to gasp, 'Indians on war-path—have on war paint—others

this way—homes burned.' With this he fell out of the saddle.

"Everyone was panic-stricken. People were running from one place to another, carrying their most precious possessions to the fort. Women with tight-drawn lips and pale faces were taking their children to the fort. Everyone knew the Indians were near, but D'Arcy still went around whispering words of encouragement and hoping for the best. She knew that they would have only a small chance if the Indians should come in large numbers. Some of their men had been dispatched to some of the near-by homes to warn the people. Some never returned. Meanwhile D'Arcy's family had gone to visit friends about three or four miles out from the settlement. She could only hope for the best.

"The Indians made no approach until the town was supposedly asleep. No one had given any outward signs of the diligent preparations carried on within the fort, the Indians supposedly having been recalled to the forest for a feast, which was to be offered to their gods.

"Most of the women and children having gone to the shelter of the fort, only a few were left outside with the soldiers. Outwardly calm, they tried to do everything they could to help them. D'Arcy proposed that a few men should go to some of the houses and make fires so all might not seem deserted. However, they had only a little time in which to do this as the Indians had approached quickly on the trail of the wounded man.

"When the silent figures approached the palisade in the shadows of the night, it was D'Arcy who first realized their approach. Instead of madly yelling their usual war cries, they approached soundlessly so that the people in the village would be taken unawares. But D'Arcy knew

the white men to be ready having been stationed beforehand all along the palisade. The women had helped prepare all the guns and powder available so they might be put to use as soon as the signals were given.

"The women, as well as the soldiers, had realized D'Arcy's ever-willing desire to help them, so they readily accepted her advice. She advised them to wait until the enemies had come almost upon them before surprising them by an attack.

"When the soldiers thought that the Indians were close enough, they poured a volley of shot right into their midst. The enemies were so surprised at the sudden assault from the peaceful-looking village that they were stunned for the moment, but quickly regaining their senses, they retreated into the forest to hold a council. D'Arcy had warned the soldiers about wasting the precious powder. Remembering this, they refrained from shooting again at the retreating Indians.

"During the night the enemies made another attack, this time more fiercely. When the Americans shot another volley at them, a few fell, but others resolutely advanced, for although they were for the most part treacherous, they were not cowards. This time they brought long poles with which to scale the walls of the palisade. By this time D'Arcy had called a few of the braver women from within the fort to help reload the guns. At this time, feeling a sharp pain in her left shoulder, she glanced at it only to see that she had been wounded by a stray ball. But she did not stop then, for she knew that everyone depended on her too much.

"After the Indians had been repulsed a second time, they made one more attack, and this time they

gained the top of the palisade. The guns on the boat had not been brought into use before this because they would have destroyed a part of the palisade, which calamity would have given the Indians an easier access to the fort. But now they were used, and the enemy were surprised to see trouble from this unexpected source.

"In the meanwhile D'Arcy and a few of her friends also had fired at the Indians from the fort whenever they had extra guns. D'Arcy's wound was fast becoming inflamed now, and she was beginning to totter a little every once in a while. It had been hastily dressed, but not cared for as it should have been, for she thought some of the others needed attention more than she.

"When the help from the boat came unexpectedly, the Indians retreated, for they were not able to hold their ground under fire from two directions. Then too, the white men had taught them a lesson, for many Indians were killed, while very few white men were.

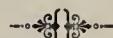
"The next morning when the silent figures stalked no longer about the woods, some of the men went out to see how the people outside of the village had fared. They found devastation and ruin everywhere. Neither women nor children were

spared. Several men had been scalped and their babies were found floating down the river. Among these D'Arcy found one of her brothers. Then she knew none had been spared. She felt that nothing was left for her, but she was resolved to be brave. Later on, when her father was found and she was looking into his face, that lovely wistful expression filled her eyes, to stay there forever. The dashing, eager spirit wilted a little, but something more beautiful filled her heart. She knew that her father's wishes would be that she help others who shared the same fate.

"D'Arcy's wound healed very slowly, but her friends did everything they could to help her. When she was able to be out, a feast was held for the soldiers, and she headed the governor's list. For wasn't she a soldier? She had suffered, yet she had not given up.

"Thus love for D'Arcy was strong in every heart, and even today, Danton, people come to her for advice. They can confide in her and are not ashamed of it.

"So, Danton, you see why everyone loves her. They cannot help it. And I only hope God will make her happy and comfortable for the rest of her life."



## THE LIGHTHOUSE

*By Ruth G. Wood*

Amidst the waves of the ocean,  
Beneath the bright blue sky,  
I saw the stately lighthouse,  
As the steamers glided by.

So lofty and staunch stood the lighthouse  
On the rough and rocky shore,  
That the sight of it ever lingers  
In my mind, to depart no more,

I thought of the tower in darkness,  
 With its light spread over the sea;  
 And I thought of the struggling mariners,  
 Whom the waves would not set free.

But man built the lighthouse to guide them,  
 And God gave them courage to free  
 Themselves from the roaring sea waves.  
 Oh, the strength of the tower by the sea!



### CONCENTRATION

*By Margaret Keeler*

It happened that I was in English Literature class and was deeply engrossed in preparing my Christmas list, when the teacher peered over the rims of his spectacles and suggested that I tell him what benefit I had derived from reading the works of the author whom we were studying.

Well, what was one to do under such trying circumstances? Having been rudely interrupted while trying to decide whether I should give Cousin Theophilus a copy of a popular Sunday School Lesson Guide or a bridge set, I could hardly be thought to have any interests in the discussions. Nevertheless, the teacher was relentless and insistently urged me on. Oh, who on earth were we studying about?—. I had wild dreams of Burns, Wordsworth, and Coleridge; so I plunged right in and gave a lengthy monologue on the benefit derived from Burns' "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

When I first began, I noticed the blank looks on the faces of the stu-

dents focused upon me, but thought this merely their surprise that I knew the answer to the question. However, after I had spoken for a few minutes and still perceived those looks and others of amusement, I wondered if it had been Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" which had been the cause of the discussion. Anyhow, there was no alternative now, so I spoke even more enthusiastically about the good points in the poem. The teacher politely agreed as I proceeded. Finally, my knowledge of the subject was exhausted so I ended my speech with a perfectly marvelous clincher sentence and retired to my seat to select something for Aunt Lucretia. But——when I was seated, the teacher said somewhat gruffly, "Your discussion of Burns' poem was very good, but we are now discussing Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty.'"

I was dreadfully abashed, but at the present moment I thought it my duty to decide about the present for Cousin Azalius who was dreadfully fussy, and who each year required deep concentration to be pleased.



### DOWN AT CAMP LEE

*By Dena Lee Townes*

To ride about Camp Lee today seems sad,  
 To look and wonder where the soldiers are  
 Who once had marched and lived, both man and lad  
 To go and sacrifice their all to war  
 Down at Camp Lee.

I stand on the road beside a spacious field  
Now filled with murmuring rustling corn.  
Where the soldier marched and his weapon learned to wield  
Still waves the corn refreshed by dew at morn.  
Down at Camp Lee.

And now, the terrible war is o'er, comes peace;  
No more the rumbling, clashing guns I hear,  
For silence reigns where echoes never cease—  
The echoes of a living past now dear,  
Down at Camp Lee.



### THE COMBAT

*By Jack Drewry*

#### I.

Toro, the Bull, was well contented in his summer home. There was every reason why he should be. Just imagine a little park nestling among the towering mountains, encircled by aspen clad slopes. High cliffs topped the the slopes, and the pine covered peaks sloped up from the cliffs. A beautiful stream of sparkling water wound its way through the park into the canyon at the lower end. Pasturage was plentiful, and a herd of five hundred Hereford cattle grazed peacefully. Over all was the azure sky.

In the summer time cattle apparently have nothing more to do than to eat and generally enjoy the beauties of nature. I don't think they look at the scenery very much though. Very few human beings come through the park except in the fall and spring when they escort the cattle up there and take them back in the fall. The fire ranger came by every week or two but he was harmless. Small bands of deer and antelope occasionally fed among the cattle. Harmful wild beasts were few. There were coyotes, but they were cowardly and afraid to come close except when very hungry. They "hung around" on the outside of the herd and hoped for a stray calf to

come their way. Mountain lions and bears were seldom heard of there although they were plentiful on the Flat Tops not many miles away.

Toro was the oldest, largest and strongest bull of the herd; therefore he enjoyed the high position of "head-man." He wanted nothing more to do than to eat and drink and be down in the dust by the trail-post. His sons and daughters gamboled gaily around him. He was a happy bull. His huge body bore the marks of many a hard-fought battle. Years ago—he couldn't remember how many—when he was young, he had defeated a much older bull for the supremacy of the herd. He had won many battles since then, but he had lost once. It was the same case of an old bull being defeated by a younger one. But Toro came back, making an exception to the custom.

After spring, came early summer, and after that came mid-summer as usual. Very, very little rain had fallen, and by August the pines turned brownish and the aspens took on a yellow hue, but the stream ran on undiminished as if the dryness made no difference. The sky also was unaffected; it was still as blue as ever. The herd was in little danger of thirst or starvation.

The sky did not remain blue long.

One day, about a week later, Toro smelled an irritating smell. He knew something was wrong, but what was it? A dark cloud hung over the Flat Tops. It seemed to advance. The fearful smell grew stronger and the sky grew dark. At night a dull cherry-red glow shone over the Flat Tops. It was a forest fire, the destroyer of nature.

## II.

Tigre, the giant mountain lion, was a bachelor. He had wooed a beautiful lioness, the proud possessor of a gorgeous coat. She was envied by the whole region. He thought she loved him and he knew he loved her, but she transferred her affections to a smaller lion not nearly so handsome or large as he. But, despite that disappointment he was happy in his cave on the Flat Tops. Food was plentiful, water was abundant, and if it was scenery he wanted, he "had no kick coming." He literally had the world at his feet. His cave home had a southern exposure with a perfect view of the snow-topped Continental Divide. Far below were the pine-clad slopes; a little water fall fell gleaming like a silver streak down among the rocks.

Tigre was having the same trouble that Toro was, only more so: a dry summer. The streams dried up; the small game died off and the big game began to die, but Tigre the Strong lived on. The trees were as dry as tinder. One day the forest was filled with smoke; the menacing roar of flames was plainly heard, frightened animals fled swiftly past. Deer, elk, bears, lions, lynxes, rabbits, badgers and wolverines, habitual enemies, mingled together as they fearfully ran on, they knew not where. As the flames came nearer Tigre joined the silent throng. He ran for miles, and then he left the rest and went on alone.

Two days later starved, weary and

thirsty, Tigre found a little spring. There he stayed for a week getting back his strength. He had found very little food and he was still hungry. He climbed to the top of a small peak; behind was his home now stark, blackened ruins; no life remained where the enemy of man and beast had passed. But before him was a sight which inspired him. He looked on Lost Park untouched by the fire. A herd of cattle grazed; many fat calves played among them. It was a welcome sight to a hungry mountain lion. It was not his custom to prey on animals as large as calves, especially when guarded by mean-looking bulls, but Tigre was desperate. He had to live.

## III.

As darkness settled over the peak, Toro and the herd prepared for the night. A lost calf cried frantically for its mother, and the mother answered. Then all was quiet except the sound of cattle walking slowly around.

The dusk swiftly turned to darkness. The stars came out one by one until the whole vast canopy of heaven was white with them. The mountains loomed black in the clear air against the sky.

Tigre waited among the rocks in the nearby canyon. He was impatient. He could not help giving vent to his feelings. His weird uncanny cry echoed down the canyon and into the park. Toro heard and answered the challenge with a deep-throated bellow. He waited expecting what was to come.

Tigre had not expected opposition, but he would do his best anyway. He might manage to get around the bull and make a kill and leave.

He slunk down the mountain and came into the park. The wind was against him and he came face to face with Toro before he knew it. He must fight; and fight he did. Toro

charged; Tigre jumped aside and smote him on the back of the neck as he passed. Toro again charged and glazed Tigre's leg. The lion gained a hold on the bull's neck but was soon shaken off. They faced each other again. Tigre feinted and Toro ducked. Tigre raked sharp claws down the bull's forehead. Enraged, he charged the lion successfully. Tigre lay still and Toro commenced goring him with his horns. Tigre woke up on the count of eight and ripped at the bull's stomach and gripped his throat with his fangs. The grim fighters were covered with a mixture of blood and dust. Clouds of dust obscured the scene. An eagle was out that night soaring high above the bloody combat. Presently the eagle saw Toro emerge from the cloud of dust. Tigre was

nowhere to be seen. He had probably been killed. The bull was hamstrung and blinded. He had great gashes all over his monstrous body.

Boldly the eagle flew on to his home after the fight was over. From his nest on a crag a mile away he heard the howling of coyotes as they devoured an unfortunate beast. The next morning Baldy's curiosity carried him again to the scene of the battle. Yes, his friend, the mountain lion, had lost. There was his skeleton. But no, that skeleton had horns. The bull had lost. The only way he could figure it out was that Toro was the winner because he had left Tigre unconscious and apparently dead but was too weak to finish him. Yet Tigre was probably still alive while Toro was dead.

But, Tigre did not live; he died of starvation.



### THE VASE

*By Virginia Smith*

There's a certain mystic beauty in a vase upon the shelf  
 And oftentimes you wonder if it hides a tiny elf;  
 The flowers bloom along its sides and birds are in its trees  
 Or sometimes there are roses and the delicate heartsease.

If the vase could tell its history, what beauty 'twould unfold  
 Of the bonny banks of Scotland and the Irish brave and bold,  
 Or the maidens in that far off Spain who are so young and bright  
 Or the loveliness of Italy on a soft and balmy night.

And when a rose nods in the vase and speaks out to the light,  
 Or when it holds a kind of vine that closes up at night,  
 Only then is the vase complete and then it is content  
 To make the flower remain alive and think its life well spent.



### MY HOBBY

*By Cathryn Bennett*

Playing the piano—can you imagine it? Nevertheless it's true, playing the piano is my hobby. I play in all moods, for it seems to be

an outlet for my feelings, whether they be gay or sad, troubled or blue.

When I'm blue and nothing looms bright along the horizon of my life,

it soothes the aching void to let my fingers wander aimlessly up and down the key board, until perchance they happen to strike a chord in the minor, and a "Reverie" or "Serenade" suggests itself. And I play it, utterly oblivious of surroundings; play and play until the melody permeates my very soul and melts my longing thoughts into saner ones. Then I'm off to seek other duties and pleasures, while the melody lingers on.

Then when I'm happy and gay, and the whole world seems to reverberate with song and laughter, again I must play. But how differently my fingers touch the keys now. They trip gaily up and down the key board in a rollicking syncopating air that fairly sparkles with mirth and glee. My whole being is full of song and gladness and the "fullness thereof" must ooze out, so I pat my foot and hum to help the melody along. My frolicksome mood has been appeased to some extent, and again I'm off to

seek other duties while the melody lingers on.

There are other times too that I must play, and I run to the piano as a solace to my feelings. Maybe I have to help with the dishes and then, oh, gosh! I just play any old thing—maybe a school song or a forgotten melody—anything that will keep up my courage and energy until the loathsome task is done.

I'm in a particular mood now—neither gay nor sad, just perplexed and maybe vexed, so any old melody will do. But the bitter goes along with the sweet in this life, and while I am relieving my feelings on the little ivory keys that seem to have a soul of their own and respond so feelingly to any mood of the player, I have forgotten about the feelings of my listeners elsewhere about the house, until mother exclaims in holy horror, "Cathryn, Cathryn, for goodness' sake! Everything you play sounds exactly alike."

You see, mother is a musician, and I—well, I play by ear.



### GOD'S HANDIWORK

*By Virginia Bulifant*

Over the hills the sun shines bright  
On flowers, on meadows, on trees,  
Over the earth it spreads its light  
While honey is made by the bees  
From break of day till the eve of night.

What would we do without the sun  
To guide us on our way?  
What would we do when night is done  
Without sun to brighten our day  
And call from bed the sleepy one?

The sun and the moon will shine always  
To light this world of ours,  
The moon at nights, the sun at days  
To grow the lovely flowers  
While birds sing on their cheerful lays.

# The Missile

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## EDITORIALS

### A Dramatic Club

History Club! Civics Club! Literary Societies! Spanish Club!, etc.—we have them all in P. H. S., but there is one which seems to be lacking—The Dramatic Club!

Why is it that we do not have one? Surely dramatics is worthy of a place in our high school. Perhaps there are many students with special talent along these lines, but they never have an opportunity to develop them. It is only in the senior year that any attempt at all is made to put on a drama, and then there is the difficult task of choosing the cast. We haven't the slightest idea who can act. We have seen none of them. Here is where the dramatic club

should come in.

The club should be composed of students chosen from all grades in the school. The members should be those who are interested in dramatics. An extra teacher should be added to the faculty or one of the present members chosen adviser and instructor of the club. The club should put on three or four plays during the year, using the funds obtained for any necessary cause. If a student is a member of this club, by the time he reaches his senior year, the talent will not be lacking and the senior class will be able to put on a play which is worth while.

This club would be not only beneficial but also interesting to the pupils. There are such clubs in other

schools; why not ours? Let's get behind this thing and see if we can put a Dramatic Club in old P. H. S.!

L. G.

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### P. H. S. Athletics

Should we look over the old records and scores of athletic contests in which the Petersburg High School has taken part, we should find that our teams did not show up very well. Such rivals as Norfolk, Portsmouth and Newport News, often defeated us by large scores. Should we glance over the scores of the last two or three years, we would notice a marked improvement. The games with the above teams have been close and hard-fought in recent years.

The student body at present is only a little over half as large as it was five years ago. With a small student body we have produced better teams than we did with a larger school. Thus with this small student body to pick from we have given a tough fight to many a high school twice our size. This fact is very remarkable. But to what can this improvement be attributed?

It is largely due, we think, to the good work of Coach Day. He should be congratulated for the splendid improvement in our athletic teams. He has done a lot to help put the Petersburg High School among the leading high schools in athletics in the state. Then too, we have a fighting student body. This student body supports the team in every way and fights with them through every game.

With this improvement behind us we look forward to even brighter days in the future.

E. M. Y.

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### Cooperation

Cooperation was chosen by the Civics Club as one of a number of

character-building words to guide the pupils in their school life; and what could be better?

The very word means and takes in so much more than we realize at one glance. Are not faith, loyalty and friendliness all embodied in this one word? And we do need cooperation so very much in our school life.

The whole Senior Class must keep this word in mind while planning their various activities. Everybody must help if we are to have a successful graduation. However, the Senior Class cannot do everything, and the student body must help by coming to the class plays and subscribing for the Roulette. We cannot bear the burden alone.

And then the basketball games. During the football season the whole school comes out to every game in full force. Can we do less by our basketball teams? Surely not! Let's cooperate and come to every game and cheer the players on to victory.

Again we can cooperate in our Literary Societies. We are too prone to let a few people do all the work. Let all members take part in the programs and particularly in the annual debate.

The Hi-Y, Square Circle and O. G. Clubs must all combine their endeavors to build our characters in the right way. One person cannot do it all, nor can one club. The help of all is needed.

To come down to the real purpose of our school life let's all cooperate with our teachers to get the best advantages from the education offered us.

And then, last but by no means least, don't forget to cooperate with the staff of the Missile and help us put out a really good magazine.

Everybody cooperate and make this a gala year in every way.

P. D.

## Little Missiles

### On a 2-H Biology Test

**Q**—State the uses of green plants.  
**A**—They furnish food for animals  
 and human beans!

Seen on the board in Miss Spear's room:

V. P. I. coughed their way to freedom. I just can't wait.

Sergeant: "What is a reducing agent?"

Bright Pupil: "He's the man that sells my mother her reducing medicines."

R. Stephenson: "If a tree fell and broke a window, what would the window panes say to the tree?"

Miss B.: "I don't know."

R. Stephenson: "Tremendous."

At scrimmage the other day we changed goals and John Paul Jones, the great navigator, lost his bearings and shot a goal in the other team's basket.

Sergeant: "What is oxidation?"

N. Sturdivant: "It is something that makes oxygen oxidate."

### Poor Al Was Worried

*By James D'Alton*

Poor Al was worried, and had a nightmare;  
 He jumped out of bed and flew down the stair;  
 He raced down the hall at a terrible pace;  
 Slid into the sitting room flat on his face.  
 Do you know why he worried? I'd like you to guess.

He mumbled and grumbled and tore his hair,  
 And wore an expression of utter despair;  
 He walked to the table and picked up his case,  
 Poor Al was worried.

He kicked the sofa with feet that were bare;  
 He stumped his toe on the Morris chair;  
 He stared at the wall and looked into space;  
 He gazed again and again at the case.  
 No, he saw no Old Golds, the box was bare,  
 Poor Al was worried.

The Girl's Mother: "If you married my daughter it would kill me."

Suitor: "Splendid! Can I count on that?"

Grocer: "Here's your fly paper.

Anything else?"

Rastus: "Yassuh, Ah wants about six raisins."

Grocer: "Do you mean six pounds?"

Rastus: "Naw suh. 'Bout six raisins—jes' enough for decoys."

Black: "What do they mean by 'the witching hour'?"

White: "Don't you know? That's the hour when the wife greets you with, 'Which story is it this time?'"

"Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"

"Sure; send her some candy."

"What are diplomatic relations, father?"

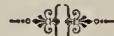
"There are no such people, my boy."

Boarder (several weeks in arrears: "I am easily moved by the sound of music."

Angry Landlady: "Quick, Martha, bring me the piano."

"Have you anything in the savings bank?"

"Only confidence."



### THE VAMP

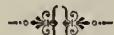
*By Virginia Smith*

The vamp of our town rolls her eyes,  
And surely chews her gum,  
I know about the latter, for  
I often buy her some.

Now if this beautiful girlie knew,  
Just what she favored and how;  
I'm sure that she would mend her ways,  
For she acts just like a cow.

The animal has tender eyes,  
And she also rolls her own,  
For she, you know, is the vamp of the farm,  
As the belle in town is known.

So all you girls who chew and chew,  
And roll your eyes at the boys,  
Just remember that chewing too  
Holds for the cow great joys.



### In 4-H English Class

Mr. Miller: "What armies took part in the battle of Waterloo?"

Pupil: "A——h (a pause) the Assyrians."

Mr. Miller: "Really? Well, maybe you can tell me who took part in the battle of Antietam."

Pupil: "I reckon the Antietums."

### In Mr. Powers' English Class

Pupil in back of room: "Mr. Powers, do you eat or ate in this sentence?"

Mr. Powers: "Ate."

Pupil in front of room: "But it's the sixth example."

### Heard in the Cafeteria

Bo: "Why did Mr. Lettuce blush?"

Jo: "That's easy. Because he saw Miss Mayonnaise dressing."

D. Young: "I saw seven men under one umbrella and not a single one got wet."

K. Bennett: "How's that?"

D. Young: "It wasn't raining."

B. M. Friend: "Betsy, is that your cook?"

B. Budd: "Yes."

B. M. Friend: "But I thought she was fat."

B. Budd: "Oh! we have had her for ten years."

J. Drewry: "Say who can write good jokes?"

L. Grossmann: "I don't know."

J. Drewry: "Who can then?"

L. Grossmann: "There are plenty of good ones in Mr. Freas' room."

J. Drewry: "Yes, but they have to be censored."



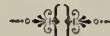
### At Eleven O'Clock

*By Lucy Crafton*

At eleven o'clock the cuckoo does shout,  
And it is time for Dan to get out,  
And then to us it seems to say,  
"It's time for Dan to be on his way."  
And this is true, without a doubt.

Although he is a very good scout—  
He is not allowed to hang about,  
And we come to the end of a perfect day  
At eleven o'clock.

If he doesn't leave there'll be a bout  
When father decides to kick him out,  
And he leaves before he hears dad say,  
"Hey, boy, please be upon your way,"  
He fears being thrown out on his snout  
At eleven o'clock.



### Said By a Freshman

1. "So's your old man!"
2. "A hint to the wise is sufficient."
3. "Aw, dry up and pop!"

### Said By a Senior

1. "Thus is your parental ancestor!"
2. "An innuendo to the sagacious is adequate."
3. "Ah! become parched and explode!"

After several smart cracks from J. D'Alton in 4L Class meeting:

Miss Wilkie (exasperated): "Mr. D'Alton, since you have been made president, you seem to think you're so important."

J. D'Alton: "I'm not president."

Miss Wilkie: "Who is then?"

J. D'Alton: "Hoover."

### Careers For Our Boys

An enterprising youngster has started a new business. His business cards give the following information:

Mr. Gerald Allen, Jr.  
Personal Escorter  
Tots and Kiddies took to school and returned, prompt in perfect condishin—if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c a week. Refned conversashin. No extra charge for nose wipin. All I ast is a trial.

Pat was arrested for being intoxicated, and on being brought before the judge he was asked by the court what he was there for.

Pat: "Your honor, I was arrested for being intoxicated."

Judge: "Pat, where did you buy the liquor?"

Pat: "Your honor, I did not buy it. A Scotchman gave it to me."

Judge: "Thirty days for perjury."

When Cupid hits the mark, he usually Mrs. it.

Father: "If you want to make a hit, my son, you must strike out for yourself."

Son: "You're mixed in your baseball, dad; if you strike out you can't make a hit."

Stella: "Are they in love?"

Bella: "They must be; she listens to him describe a ball game and he listens to her describe a gown."

It was midnight. "Wow-wow-wow-wow!" wailed the baby.

"Four bawls and I walk," responded the baseball-player daddy.



### My Handwriting

*By Willie M. Mangum*

My handwriting suits no one,  
The teachers are always raving.  
Please tell me what's to be done:  
My handwriting suits no one.  
And I'll say it isn't fun  
These storms to be always braving.  
My handwriting suits no one,  
The teachers are always raving.



### Whipped

(A Sad Story)

*By John Burks*

"Aw, shut up," said Sergeant, "before I throw you out on your ear."

"But Sergeant," said Lewie.

"On your way," said Sergeant. Lewie, with a sneer on his face grabbed Mabel and Agnes, (his crutch and cane) and left the room.

All that day and the following morning Lewie thought for the first time in his life. Lewie stayed awake all night thinking, thinking, thinking. The next morning Lewie was very solemn and quiet. No one seemed to understand him. He went

to Physics class as usual and eyed Sergeant like a cat watching a mouse. After Sergeant had finished the lesson, which was about magnets and their attraction, he said, "Are there any questions that any one would like to ask?"

Lewie raised his hand.

"What is it?" asked Sergeant.

"Sergeant," said Lewie, "if an old time wooden ship, put together with nails and bolts, went too near the North magnetic pole, would the magnetic power draw all the nails out and cause the ship to fall to pieces?"

Sergeant turned crimson. Running his hands through his hair and then placing them on his hips, he began to stutter.

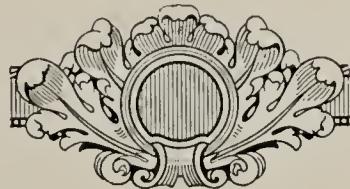
"We-we-well, no," he said. "It isn't strong enough to draw nails out of a ship."

"But Serg," said Lewie, "if it is strong enough to attract a little piece of steel from one pole to another, it seems as if it would be strong enough to draw a few nails from a boat at

close range."

Well, for the first time in my life I saw Sergeant licked; he tried in vain to explain, but every time he made an explanation Lewie would give a reasonable contradiction until Sergeant gave in and admitted he was licked.

The moral of this story is that with a little concentrated thought a weak mind can overcome a strong one.



## “With Balls and Bats”



### The Code of a Good Sport

By Grantland Rice

- I. *Thou shalt not quit.*
- II. *Thou shalt not alibi.*
- III. *Thou shalt not gloat over winning.*
- IV. *Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.*
- V. *Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.*
- VI. *Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.*
- VII. *Thou shalt always be ready to give thine opponent the shade.*
- VIII. *Thou shalt not underestimate an opponent, nor overestimate thyself.*
- IX. *Remember that the game is the thing and that he who thinketh otherwise is a mucker and no true sportsman.*
- X. *Honor the game thou playest, for he who playeth the game straight and hard winneth even tho he loseth.*



### Resume of the 1928 Football Season

The past football season marked the Petersburg High School football team's first appearance in many years in the Virginia Literary and Athletic League. It was very important for the team to make a good showing; and it did. During the season the Crimson Wave met two rivals for the first time. These rivals were none other than the teams of the Salem and Roanoke High Schools. Although losing these two games the Wave showed their opponents that there was a real football team in Petersburg.

The team received a great setback when Captain Tom Webster, stalwart tackle, was badly injured in the Roanoke game. His absence disheartened his team mates during the remainder of that game and weakened them throughout the remainder

of the season. Although missing two big games Captain Webster was selected to be a member of an all-star second team. He should be congratulated.

The line made a brilliant showing throughout the whole season. It was this line that held against such teams as Newport News, Maury and Woodrow Wilson; yet this line weighed less than 150 pounds. In almost every game they were outweighed by twenty pounds; yet they held. It was a fighting line that did so well.

This season has also revealed not only that there was a fighting team at P. H. S. but that the student body is a fighting and faithful one.

It was not the fighting line alone that made a great team. But with a fighting backfield and line, what a team it was!

The schedule consisting of nine games was especially hard. Won

three, tied two and lost four, that's how it went.

The "Yannigans" should not be forgotten. They have done a lot in producing a winning team. Without them and their fighting spirit there would have been no varsity.

Thus the 1928 Crimson Wave football team has gone. As time rolls on it will not be forgotten. It has impressed upon us all that there has really been a fighting team in P. H. S.

The complete record of the team is as follows:

P. H. S. 25; Hopewell H. S. 6.  
 P. H. S. 6; Blackstone H. S. 0.  
 P. H. S. 0; Salem H. S. 19.  
 P. H. S. 7; Woodrow Wilson 7.  
 P. H. S. 0; John Marshall 20.  
 P. H. S. 0; Maury H. S. 0.  
 P. H. S. 7; Roanoke H. S. 19.  
 P. H. S. 0; Newport News 13.  
 P. H. S. 12; Randolph-Macon 0.

The letter men are as follows:

Captain Tom Webster, Johnny Goodwin, Berk Carter, Buck Brockwell, Arthur Brown, Toby Tobias, Jimmie D'Alton, Johnny Burks, John Lucas, George Smith, Mike Branch, Red Berkeley, William Spottswood, Bo Cameron, Mac Underwood and Mason Baxter; Manager, Carwile.

Mrs. Cameron entertained the letter men at a banquet at her home. At that time Berkeley Carter, last year's captain, was voted the most valuable player. The banquet was a fine affair.

The team was also given a banquet by the Hi-Y Club. Coach Cy Young of William and Mary College gave an interesting talk.

Berk Carter, Johnny Burks and Buck Brockwell have played their last game for P. H. S. They have played well and will be badly missed when the 1929 football season begins. Johnny Goodwin, stellar center, will captain the 1929 gridders. It is certain that he will prove

to be a great captain, and under him the 1929 team will be a big success.

### Basketball

The 1928-29 basketball season is fast getting started. P. H. S. has had its first game. With three letter men back from last year the prospects are bright for a good team. Robert Swearingen will captain the teams. The lettermen are: Robert Swearingen, forward; Johnny Goodwin, forward; and George Smith, guard.

The squad consists of the following: Swearingen, captain; Goodwin, Smith, Martens, Wells, Motley, Lucas, Spottswood, Tanner, Burke, Simonson, D'Alton, Jones, Pilcher, Allen, Dodd and Williamson.

In the first game a fast aggregation representing the faculty was met. The game was very close and exciting. The Wave however emerged with a 20-19 victory. After this success they engaged a local team representing D. W. Branch & Co. This was also a close battle but the Wave won by a 23-17 score.

The following is the 1928-29 basketball schedule:

Jan. 11, Woodrow Wilson at Portsmouth.

Jan. 15, Newport News at Petersburg.

Jan. 18, John Marshall at Richmond (Pending).

Jan. 25, Maury at Petersburg.

Jan. 25, Newport News at Newport News.

Feb. 2, William and Mary Freshmen at William and Mary.

Feb. 5, Hopewell at Hopewell.

Feb. 8, John Marshall at Petersburg (Pending).

Feb. 13, open.

Feb. 16, Maury at Norfolk.

Feb. 20, open.

Feb. 22, open.

Feb. 26, Woodrow Wilson at Petersburg.

**Girls' Basketball**

So far the girls' basketball team has played three games. The scores as follows:

Nov. 17, P. H. S. 13; Blackstone College 26.

Dec. 7, P. H. S. 11; Epworth League 13.

Dec. 14, P. H. S. 16; Blackstone College 30.

Marguerite Harwell is captain of

the basketeers. The season so far has not been so good, but a good record is expected during the remainder of the season. The schedule is as follows:

Jan. 11, Hampton (there).

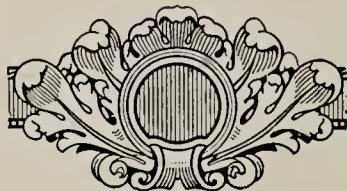
Feb. 8, Blackstone High (here).

Feb. 15, Kenbridge High (there).

March 1, Blackstone High (there).

March 8, Hampton (here).

March 15, Epworth League (at Y. M. C. A.).



## Scraps

On December 7 a history-making event took place in the High School gym. The unusually stern and dignified faculty made its dramatic entrance into the gym, garbed in basketball uniforms and enveloped in maroon blankets. The first idea which popped into the writer's mind was that they seemed to represent Indian warriors, out for "heap much victory." They presented quite a contrast to the trim varsity squad. However, Captain Miller felt very proud of his aggregation.

At the end of the first half, the varsity was leading 10 to 8, but at the beginning of the second, the learned professors took a new lease on life and also took advantage of the fact that subs had replaced the varsity, and they rang up a big lead until a few minutes before the final whistle, leading 19 to 12.

The play was fast and furious, featured by the back-hand passes of Captain Miller, whose superb form surprised many of his pupils. "Leaping Leopold" Burns was also an outstanding player for the faculty. "Ducky" Holmes just had to provide work for the "Litter Squad," composed of Professors Cotten and Freas. He collapsed during the third quarter and was immediately dragged out by the heel by Monsieur Freas.

However, age will tell, and the varsity came back to nose out their elders by the score of 20 to 19. Everyone who missed seeing the learned pedagogues in action missed the event of the year.

Between halves of the Faculty game, the Monogram Club made monkeys out of its goats, pacing them through mirth-provoking an-

tics. Herbert Tobias opened by singing "My Wild Irish Rose." He was followed by Jimmy D'Alton and Buck Brockwell in a magic act. Mike Branch then introduced his wonder-dog, Frank Livesay, in a riotous stunt, and Johnny Goodwin put on a good "shadow-boxing" act, entitled "Keeping the Girls off my Back." Bill Spottswood and "Bo" Cameron out-acted Al Jolson, "Bo" acting the part of sonny boy and Bill that of the loving father. Mason Baxter closed with a song no one heard or understood, and it is doubtful if he knew himself. He was enthusiastically showered with chairs, broomsticks, and anything else of that nature which happened handy. Pete Carwile, Albert McCants, and Bernard Branch, very becomingly attired in feminine apparel, put on a "clean-up" campaign throughout the entire performance.

How proudly the exalted seniors are strutting around the school. They have just received their new class rings and are quite proud of them. The ring has been standardized for three years, and the Senior class of '29 can feel justly proud that it is the first class to wear a standard P. H. S. ring.

The 4L English Classes deserve to be congratulated on the fine work they are doing on the School Weekly News. There have been many comments on the unusually good editorials printed recently. This is an interesting course, and the benefit derived from such work is very great.

The clubs of the school are always doing something for the good of the

school. Now, the Hi-Y Club is carrying out an entirely original idea. Feeling that the grammar school boys should be trained to replace the older boys as they move out, they have organized a G-Y Club in each of the four grammar schools, as subsidiaries of the Senior Hi-Y Club. A member of the football team of the High School was chosen to coach a team taken from each club, the teams meeting in a series of interesting clashes. This is a novel as well as very constructive idea and should be of great importance in the future school life of the Hi-Y Club.

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The Square Circle, the O. G., and the Hi-Y Clubs have realized the need of a closer unity among the clubs of the school. Consequently, the three clubs held a joint meeting, featured by a dinner, December 19. The joint session was a means of working out many plans for the betterment of student activity in the future school life.

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The class play for the February Class has been chosen, and the class hopes to have the rehearsals well on the way when this article comes from the press. The play chosen by the committee, composed of Cathryn Bennett, Trixie Mitchell, and James D'Alton, is "The First Year." Some difficulty was experienced in securing a coach for the production, but it is felt that under the able instruction of Mr. Neil Oliver, the final outcome will be a big success. Here's wishing the class luck!

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The Annual Staff has been chosen and organized, and work begun. The staff is a very able one, and under the leadership of Mr. Powers and Jack Drewry it is assured that the publication will be one of which the school can be proud. However, it is essential that the student body as

a whole get behind the issue and push it across. The Senior Class cannot do it alone and should not be expected to shoulder the whole burden. Let's get back of the Senior Class and make the 1929 Annual a big success, the best ever enjoyed by an annual of the Petersburg High School.

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"Have you had yours taken?" "Were they good?" "Let's see the proofs." These seemingly mysterious questions are quite common around the school of late. However, every Senior knows their meaning. It is nearing the time when pictures of the individual graduates must be handed in for the Annual. My, you should see how important it makes some feel to think that they are so near the close of their high school career. It is a thought dear to the heart of every boy and girl. Their graduation! Yet it is a pleasure that is mingled with a bit of regret. It is with a heart touched with wistfulness that the old, happy high school days are behind and the graduate goes out to battle the storms of life.

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The 3H History Club put one over under our very noses. Very few of the student body knew that the club took a trip to the historic old city of Williamsburg. It was so slyly put across and so little talked of afterwards, it is a great temptation to ask if any member of the club failed to return with the rest of the party.

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Imagine our surprise one Thursday morning to see two detectives strolling down the hall. Naturally everyone was eaten up with curiosity. "What are they here for?" "What has happened?" could be heard on every side. The secret was this. They were looking for clues. Clues? That sounds like a

real crime. A most outrageous thing happened on Wednesday night, December 5. The school was broken into! What did they steal? They stole some pies from the cafeteria, so the rumor goes, and some salads. They broke the glass in the door of the Dental Clinic; didn't you see the shattered glass up there? Evidently "they knew their onions" about the place. It is supposed that they set out for the eats first thing and, most likely, having too much to eat, sought the clinic on a desperate chance of finding the means of reducing an aching "tummy." Many are sighing over the fact that the thief was not a desperate scholar in search of a means on higher learning. In that case, he would have relieved them of quite a few seemingly useless classics.

Saturday, December the eighth, the Student Council took over the management of Rosenstock's store, as has been the custom for the past few years. The members of the Student Council were the managers of the different departments of the store, and chose other students to help them. Many interesting incidents occurred, and everyone who participated had a great time of it, and incidentally made quite a tidy sum for the school.

The co-operation of Rosenstock's and especially Mr. Eichelberger with the High School is greatly appreciated. They have stood by the school and enabled us to carry on activities which would have otherwise been impossible. Hats off and three cheers for Rosenstock's and Mr. Eichelberger!

For several years, it has been the custom for the Student Council to give a short play on the last day before Christmas holidays. Last year they made a success of Charles

Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and this year made an even greater success of "The Killer." The characters were: Theo Thomas, Robert Swearingen, James D'Alton, and Wilma Welch. Jimmy was very good as a deep-eyed criminal.

The play was enjoyed by everyone and added much to the already high Yuletide spirits.

Many of the Hi-Y boys went to the Older Boys' Conference which was held at Portsmouth, December 14-16 inclusive. Petersburg High was well represented at the gathering, and, really, you can't blame the boys who went. Wouldn't you like to have a whole day off and a trip besides? These boys who represented the school derived a great deal of good from the trip, and it is to be regretted that more of the boys were not able to go.

Christmas has come and gone. Santa's last toy has been broken; the last tree has been removed to the rubbish heap; even the last remnant of the Christmas spirit is gone. The hurry-flurry of the days preceding Christmas has disappeared from the school, and in its place has come the regular routine of the ordinary school life. The February Class is ready to make its exit in order to make way for the others who follow. The new term is about to begin. Will you make it a more successful one than the past one? The past is gone. Nothing can recall it. The term that begins is an open future, a clean sheet. Try to make the most of it if you would wish a happy session. The harder the lesson, the more valuable to you will be the completion of it. Deny yourself a few of the pleasures which would mean neglecting your school work. You will be amply rewarded in later years. Self-denial means character building. Character building means success.

W. M. M.

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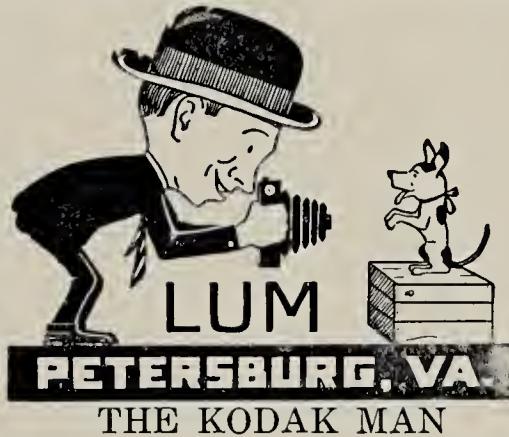
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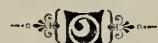
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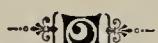
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